1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

8

WARFARE

PAPAGO war ritual[1] never mentions the glory of war. Bravery and prowess are recognized unofficially, and the informal speeches even make much of them, but in the official orations war is conceived of as an onerous duty. The descriptions are not of battles but of the visions which precede and follow them. Actual fighting is expressed by metaphor or disposed of in one hurried sentence. Emphasis is all on the obligation to the community, the steps taken to work the fighters up to action, and the final reward. This last is neither prestige, booty, nor satisfied vengeance, but that *sine qua non* of a desert people—rain.

This is the attitude of busy agriculturists who fought, as the Papagos say they did fight, only in self-defense. They were often attacked by the raiding Apache around them, and all their men had to be trained for war. In fact, there was no escape from mili-

[1] The warpath ceremonial was highly developed among the Pima (Russell, pp. 352–84), and its speeches have been preserved while other ceremonies were lost. Pima rituals do not correspond with those of the Papago speech for speech, but the same material is used by both groups in different combinations. One important difference is that the Papago divide this material into speeches for the warpath and others for the subsequent purification. Russell (pp. 204–5) describes an arduous purification, but all the speeches he gives are assigned to the warpath and to definite stages in its progress. The Papago use some of this same speech material for salt gathering and for building a ceremonial house.

Granting these differences, the northern Papago, from whom the speeches were taken, show more likeness to the Pima than to Papago of other divisions, where the speeches were sought in vain. The likeness would have been greater had not the Pima speeches been translated as prose and the Papago as poetry. The writer, however, is willing to defend her use of the free verse form. The speeches, as recited, have a definite rhythm, entirely different from that of ordinary talking. It is easy to recognize the end of a line by the heavy stress on the last word and these lines have been adhered to in the translation. As noted in the introduction, their length cannot be exactly that of the original, but the proportion of long and short is similar.

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In fact, there was no escape from military duties except by assuming the status of a berdache, but they made no pretense of considering these duties as other than a disagreeable necessity. In their view the enemy, with unfamiliar garments and weapons and formidable courage, were evil magicians, and they were to be treated as such: avoided until they became too obnoxious, then killed with as much dispatch as possible.

It was because of their belief in the enemy's evil magic that the Papago took no booty. Nothing belonging to the enemy might be touched except by one who had been through the special purification to be described. Male captives were never brought home, and the females occasionally taken were sold to the Mexicans, not kept. Papago dead were left on the battlefield or burned there, though the usual custom is burying. Papago wounded must be purified. The only trophy brought home was the scalp or occasionally a belt or moccasin to take its place. In this trophy was thought to be concentrated the magic power of the enemy. The reward of the fighter for his labors was to possess this power and make it serve him.

War ritual can be divided into three stages, which logically should not all come under the same heading. The first two, which here have been called the rituals of the warpath and of victory, were really communal ceremonies. They were conducted by the whole community, or at least by all the warriors, and they had the regular form of a community ceremony: the oration by the priestly leader and songs by the group. Moreover, in the Papago mind, which abhorred emphasis on killing and revenge, their real result was supposed to be a magical one, bringing rain and crops.

The warpath and victory ceremonies are then actually food ceremonies. To this extent has the main interest of Papago life shaped and turned all its elements. The only ceremony for power is the third of the war rituals, warrior's purification, which conforms perfectly to the other purification formulae. Since to separate the three phases of war would make the narrative difficult to follow, all three have been described here as a continuity.

The first, which has been called the warpath, comprises all the preparations for war, up to the time of fighting. It must be de-

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202 If any communal activity had been agreed upon at the meeting, the
512 announcement of this followed the call. At sunset the men were summoned to the Big House.

Call to Meeting (Vamori) 25

Now thus let us arrange to do: let us hold our meeting! Now here, under the west, let them sit down, the elders! Thus says our leader, that we shall assemble; that we shall sit down. The under-the-greasewood-growing tobacco we call for and we request the under-the-grease-wood-growing tobacco. All our friends, let them assemble and let them speak.

Evening Call (Kaworik) 14

Hither come at evening. Then we will surround the fire we have made and we will make ready that which we shall do for our future. And do you bring your tobacco.

Evening Call (Komarik) 19

Hither come. Hither bring your cigarette. We will smoke and speak of something.

If an emergency arose during the day, the men might be called from the fields.

Danger Call (Komarik) 9

Let us assemble!
A man has come running and tells of danger.
Assemble and listen!

Special calls were also used before all the ceremonies. These were more elaborate.

Call to Sing while Liquor ferments
(Archie) 27

Our fire has burned and the sun has gone down. Our fire has burned and the sun has gone down. You have eaten your meal. Now come together, following our old custom. It will not be long. Two nights we will sing and then go back to work. Come, do your part, so that the shaman can divine what will happen. This is our old custom. It is not new. It has continued for long.

WAR LEADER

624 The war leader was, in ancient times, like the Keeper, a ceremonial
701 official whose first duty was to know the war ritual and to recite it on the proper occasions. He received his office from his predecessor, just as the Keeper did his, and held it to old age. It was he who

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directed a war party and planned its strategy even if he was too old to do much fighting himself. 624 701

But there was often a younger man to head the actual fighting. It was difficult to get data on this field leader since the very oldest people were children at the time of the last fighting. But as in other cases, it would appear that the practice differed in different villages. In San Xavier and Komarik he was a different man each time. In Komarik he was chosen by the elders as the most capable young warrior, in San Xavier, he volunteered and got up a war party in the Plains fashion to take vengeance on the Apache for slain relatives. Archie had a more or less permanent field leader chosen for prowess and known as the Bitter Man, "because he would not give in to the Apache." Kuhatk had also such a leader and it was understood that when Kuhatk and Archie went on the warpath together, Kuhatk should lead "because it had been given them by Elder Brother to be the best fighters."

HUNT LEADER

The Papagos hunted deer, hare and rabbit, small rodents and birds. Most of this work was done by individuals or small unofficial groups. But deer was hunted officially for the cleansing ceremony in the autumn and there were communal rabbit drives when visitors were to be feasted, especially at the time of the drinking ceremony before the rains. For communal hunts of both kinds, there was a leader who set the day, chose the locality, called the people together at dawn, appointed the beaters and made the required speech. His title was tópetam, rabbiter. He passed his office down, as did the others, by instructing a younger man, usually a kinsman, and finally asking the council to ratify his appointment as the new leader. 224 624

GAME LEADER

The title of this official was tópetam tciticvi, rabbiter for games. Probably the hunt leader originally had the function, since the communal drive and the athletic contest require similar organization. But in many villages the office of game leader was so important that it was held by a special man. His duty was to make the arrangements for inter-village games, see that the runners were properly trained, take charge of the party on the march to the challenged village, lead the cheering, argue for his side in the matter of fouls, appoint the referees, see that the relay runners got off in the proper order. His ceremonial duty was the recitation of a speech before the contest began. 526 624

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714 302 [822] an enemy and then all black (19, 26). Black paint was considered symbolic of dizziness and drunkenness and therefore of war. One of the chants says:

> "My desire was the black madness of war.
> I ground it to powder and therewith I painted my face.
> My desire was the black dizziness of war.
> I tore it to shreds and therewith tied my hair in a war knot."

701 726 When the war parties started out, each had a leader, either permanent or appointed temporarily by the council. The oldest and most experienced of these leaders would take charge of the combined expedition. There would be at least one crier who could make the announcements in camp, or one would be appointed by the leader.

726 756 787 Each village if possible brought a shaman to "see" the enemy and to recite spells to disable him. These shamans were of a particular class, the "owl meeters", who had owls for their guardian spirits. The dead are supposed to fly back from the east, where they live, in the form of owls. Dead Papago warriors, in owl form, haunted the enemy country where they died and with these the shaman communed.

The parties from the partner villages met at night at the rendezvous and went through a series of ceremonies. During these, it was the duty of the shaman to retire and to practise divination which would tell where the enemy might be encountered. If there were several shamans, they all worked together.

"Once the men from several villages met for a war party at Basket Cap mountain. At night they sat and sang the war songs, facing the country of the enemy. All that time the shaman sat apart, on a little knoll. When the singing was over, the leader asked the shaman, "Can you give us news?"

The shaman said, "I think there is one here who will help me." Then he went back to the knoll and the men heard the hoot of an owl. Soon the shaman came back to them. He said, "Has anyone here some of the old tobacco we used to use?"

One man had, so he gave it to the shaman. The shaman went away and the men watching could see that he lit two cigarettes. They could see their red tips moving as you see cigarettes that are held by two people. Then they saw one of them thrown away. The shaman came back, holding the other. He said, "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We'll come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did and they killed many Apaches. If it had not been true, perhaps they would have killed the shaman." (19)

The war leader also sent out scouts and continued to do so as they advanced into the enemy country. They travelled by night and

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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how hungry you are. Wait till it has scum on it. So you will be a runner and not a fat man." 159x 264

When we had finished we did not wash the dishes. How could we, with no water! We scooped food out with our knuckles. The boys used two knuckles because men have time to eat. We girls used three because women must hurry and work. When we were through it was only my father who could wipe his fingers between his toes. That was because he was a warrior and had killed enemies. The rest of us wiped them on the ground and rubbed our hands together. I do not like water on my dishes even now. They feel so smooth. [701]

Then we made our toilet. We washed our faces in a little cold water, but we did not bathe. Rubbing yourself with earth does just as well. Then the older girls painted themselves with beautiful red paint, all in dots and splashes. I went out to play. 159x 615 302

I played with the boys and girls who were children of my uncles. Brothers and sisters, we call them. We had no clothes, any of us, but we were not cold. We went to a sunny place and made ourselves dolls of mesquite leaves tied with strings of corn husk for arms and legs and head. We had a little stone for the grinding slab and some sand for the corn. The boys had men dolls and they would take them away and say: "We go hunting." "Well, go," said the wives. Then the boys would hunt all around the village and find a deer bone. "Here is a deer for you." 159x 257 [291] [524]

Sometimes the boys went to get rats. They poked them out of the holes and hit them with sticks. Then we roasted them on sticks with the skins on. Good food, that used to be! [262]

Sometimes we went to run races. We had a good racetrack in our village. Our men had cleared a road that ran across the flat land as far as you could see, and every day they swept it with greasewood branches to keep off the thorns. They had a song: 159x 526 [533]

The hawk made the race-track
And on it we won
A-a-ah!

We ran with the hawk
And won a Hawk's heart
A-a-ah!

All our young men and girls practised on that racetrack so they could run fast against the other villages. We children ran, too. Every day I ran until I was ten years old and had to be doing the house work.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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each contestant. The ball must not be touched by the 526
hand. One or two men on horseback assist the racers in finding the balls and give them new ones in case their own break or accidentally are lost. The last great race of which I heard was given, eighteen years ago, east of the Quijotoa Range. According to a Mexican from Quitovac who was present, the Indians had brought herds of cattle, mules and horses, clothing and money, all to serve as betting stakes on the occasion. Fifty odd Indians kept admirable order. The two runners, who were nude but for a cloth around the loins and with a bandanna tied around the head, started northward early in the afternoon in the direction of Santa Rosa rancheria. They ran seventeen or eighteen miles before turning back. One of the runners became tired, which finished the race; then the assistants picked them up, giving each of them, in Mexican fashion, a seat behind the saddles of their horses, and in that way they returned to the starting point after dark. The winner was about thirty years old; the other, about fifty, had some gray hair. If my informant was correct, thousands of dollars were lost in bets. The Barajita rancheria alone came out two hundred animals short, and the Pozo Verde loss was no less. Many of those who lost had staked all their live-stock and the women wept. A race of less importance took place in the same region some seven years ago.

The Papago, as well as the Pima, was able to cope 701
with the fierce Apaches more efficiently than were the Spaniards and Mexicans. The young men were trained from childhood for future combats with the enemy. It

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
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701 It must not be forgotten what a part the supernatural plays [789] in the Indian's life; cure for disease is sought less in remedies than in magic devices, and combat with an enemy means first of all a fight of magic with magic. Once, as one of their tales goes, an Apache was completely surrounded, but the Papagoes feared to attack him until one of them stepped forward carrying his shield with its symbolic inscriptions and supposed magic effect. The Apache fired his rifle at him, but missed his aim because he was overcome by the shield's magic power, which even split his thumb, so that he could not fire straight. This was ascertained by the Papagoes when examining the body of the Apache afterward. 702 Nevertheless, the education of the boy included as a matter of course ability to handle arms and the mastery of all that pertained to making a good warrior. In the nightly meetings at the council house, he was taught, besides, how to practise for the races and how to hunt. A considerable amount of sane advice would be imparted to the young man, and I cannot refrain from quoting here the late Mr. Frank Russell in his recent memoir* on the Pima Indians, from whom the Papago segregated long ago. He describes the exhortations of a Pima father to his son in the following manner: "If you are wounded in battle, don't make a great outcry about it like a child. Pull out the arrow and slip away; or, if hard stricken, die with a silent throat. Go on the war trail with a small blanket. It is light and protection enough for

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